"The crowd on the lawn was scattering now, the mounted police had wheeled into company front and were waiting the order to march. Swiftly a hush fell over the crowd. The hundred or more newspaper correspondents over by the telegraph tents became more attentive. The President and Cabinet emerged from the house and lined up on either side of the walk, bare headed. General Brooke and his aides, adding a touch of brilliant color in their uniforms, fell further to the rear, there was the low mellow roll of a snare drum and then the casket appeared in the doorway, borne aloft on the shoulders of four sergeants of infantry and artillery and as many gunners' mates from the revenue cutter "Michigan."

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

"As the leader of the Sixty-fifth Regiment band caught the gleam of the flag-draped coffin through the ivy over the porch, he gave a quick signal and the band softly played the President's favorite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Every head was bared. Absolute silence reigned. The top of the casket bore a pillow of roses, banked in brown autumn leaves, a wreath of royal purple immortelles, a handful of brilliant red flowers and then over the head another pillow of white roses.

"The mounted police led off, followed by regulars and marines, and the rest of the soldiery. After them came the carriages of the Cabinet Ministers. In the first carriage with President Roosevelt were Secretary Root, Attorney-General Knox and Postmaster-General Smith, the three latter being the senior Cabinet officers now in the city. The second carriage contained Secretaries Wilson and Hitchcock and Secretary Cortelyou. The third carriage contained General Brooke, of the United States army, and two aides. Following was a carriage with Senators Hanna, Fairbanks and Burroughs, and Governor Odell, of New York. Immediately preceding the hearse was a carriage with Rev. Dr. Locke and his wife. None of the family accompanied the body to the City Hall.

"The procession moved down Delaware avenue, just as noon

was striking, between parallel lines of mourning thousands. As the flag-wrapped coffin went past every hat was raised and a silence as of the grave fell over the host. Down in the vicinity of the City Hall, meantime, a great concourse had assembled, held within bounds by restraining ropes. Policemen were stationed every dozen feet inside these barriers, while the entire force of mounted police kept the more eager and restless ones in submission. It was not a turbulent crowd, but its very mass made it restless. On Franklin street, at the junction with Eagle, the crush was something terrible, and half a dozen women fainted and were rescued and cared for by the police.

"The rotunda of the Buffalo City Hall with its entrances east and west and its cross sections is shaped like a cross with a circular dome rising at the intersection of the arms. This was roofed with black festoons, while both sides of the rotunda, north and south, were a solid mass of green palms. In the center of this, directly under the dome, was a platform draped in black cashmere, and raised ten inches above the floor, the western end being five or six inches higher than the eastern. On this the body of the President reposed.

SET FLORAL PIECE.

"In the center of the south bank of palms was a huge set piece of immortelles, the flags of the United States and France crossed beneath a door with oustretched wings. It was the gift of the Society Francaise, of Buffalo, and was the only set floral piece in the City Hall. All around the circular balcony were festoons of black and white and flags draped with crepe.

"The day opened brilliantly. The sun streamed in undimmed radiance over the closing scenes at the Milburn house, but as the cortege moved slowly down the wide avenue the west became darkened with clouds, purplish-black and within an hour, light raindrops, heralds of the coming storm, caused thousands of umbrellas to be lifted like great black mushrooms over the heads of the packed thousands.

"Then appeared a startling and dramatic climax to the

movement of the procession. Just as its head appeared at the City Hall square and while the full rich notes of Chopin's funeral march swelled out over the heads of the multitude and came back in mellow echoes like a benediction from the towering walls on either side, the storm burst forth in all its fury.

"It swept blinding gusts of rain around the corners of the great granite building, that stung the face like whipcords. It seemed for the space of five minutes as if every window of heaven had been opened. The gutters rose like mimic mountain torrents, waterspouts and gargoyles bubbled and foamed out little cataracts. But in the midst of this torrent not a soul stirred. The soldierly, drenched and unprotected, stood like statues. The packed crowds never wavered, only here and there on the high rooofs of adjoining buildings the spectators sought shelter.

MOURNERS ENTER ROTUNDA.

"Before the coffin had been deposited on the catafalque the official mourners entered the rotunda. President Roosevelt walked up the steps of the main entrance under an umbrella held by Secret Service Operative Foster. Others performed a similar service for the Cabinet ministers. President Roosevelt took his position to the left of the casket with Secretary Root to his left and then Secretaries Long and Hitchcock beyond in a line. On the opposite side of the casket were Secretary Wilson, Postmaster General Smith, Attorney General Knox and General Brooke, of the army. As soon as the body was deposited in the catafalque, President Roosevelt, with Secretary Root by his side, and followed by the other Cabinet officers, left the building.

"Within five minutes the signal was given and the patient populace was admitted. The police kept it moving steadily. At the head of the coffin was a sergeant of infantry with fixed bayonet, at the foot a sailor, a gunner's mate with drawn cutlas, while on either side were another sergeant of artillery and a marine.

"The scenes during the day will never be forgotton by those who witnessed them. Men, women and children, the halt, the

lame and blind, rich and poor, Jew, Gentile, Greek and barbarian; the minister of the gospel and the habitue of the slums; the sweet-faced matron from a home of refinement and the scarlet Jezebel of the curb; the canting fanatic, who had cursed the canteen and President McKinley during his life and the besotted dram drinker from the groggery in the alley, all, all were in line to look with love and sorrow for the last time on the face of the dead.

LONG UNBROKEN LINE.

"The rain descended, but still the line remained unbroken, stretching away for three squares. Men and women were in line for four hours. Some had children in their arms. When at last the police got the people in order two compact lines were formed, one passing on each side of the casket. What a picture it was. Women wept and men with eyes full of tears held their children on high that they might see and remember, even in death, the face of the splendid Christian, and upright statesman. As I write near to midnight the lines still wind their sinuous way around the square and past the black casket and white face of the voiceless, pulseless inmate.

"The wretched, God-forgotten degenerate who wrought this splendid ruin is hidden somewhere in the city. He was spirited away when the fear grew that he might be the subject of a frenzied attack. It is said that to escape the crowd he was disguised as a policeman. Back at the Milburn house, Mrs. McKinley rests under her great affliction with the physicians fearful of the final outcome. Her vitality is very near the point of exhaustion. The golden thread is strained very nearly to the snapping point."

The following comment by a prominent journal voiced the sentiments of our whole people respecting Mr. McKinley:

"The mournful news from Buffalo falls heavily on the hearts of a sorrowing nation. William McKinley is dead. The hopes of the nation, but yesterday so high, and apparently so well justified by the confidence of the physicians, are thus abruptly and cruelly crushed. For the moment the American people will think only of the great, gentle-hearted man whose name has been

added to those of Lincoln and Garfield on the Republic's roll of martyr-Presidents. Perhaps the bitterest drop in this cup of national grief is that the assassin has taken from the nation's highest post of duty a man who, in all the relationships of life, public and private, and no less in his official than in his domestic character, was amiable and generous to a fault, kindly to the point of tenderness and devotedly true in all things.

"His blameless and really beautiful home life, the typically American constancy of affection which bound him to his wife and her to him, making each the first object of the other's solicitude, so that the public rarely saw and never thought of the President without seeing and thinking also of Mrs. McKinley, especially endeared him to the masses of home-loving Americans. This side of his character gave him while he lived, and will keep for him now that he is dead, the same kind of profound popular respect and liking which the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon family felt and still feels for Queen Victoria.

REMARKABLE PROSPERITY.

"This is neither the place nor the hour for any extended review of Mr. McKinley's administration or political policies. It is merely stating facts in a brief and comprehensive way to say that the country has enjoyed a remarkable period of material prosperity since he was first inaugurated; that his financial policy, which held the country fast to the moorings of a sound and honest currency, was a fundamental condition of that prosperity. For this alone the nation will ever remember his two elections with gratitude. Beyond this, as his last speech at Buffalo clearly showed, Mr. McKinley had an open, receptive and therefore progressive mind, and, had not the hand of the assassin interposed, was ready to lead his party and the country in the inauguration of a broader, freer and sounder commercial policy.

"To lose such a man at such a time is indeed a great national misfortune. To lose him in such a manner a sacrifice to the motiveless mania for murder of the anarchists—is the most lamentable feature of it all. Yet will he not have died in vain if his

death leads to a concentration of all the resources of civilization in a stern and effective effort to repress the international Ishmaelites whose hands are against all law-abiding men, and against whom, therefore, the hands of all law-abiding men must be joined.

"One of the best and best beloved of American Presidents falls a victim to the worst and most abhorred of evil passions. The nation is plunged into mourning for him who had, through his patriotism, his labors and his wisdom, given it cause for its highest rejoicings. The trusted leader, under whose benign administration the last scars of old fraternal strife disappeared, unprecedented prosperity was given to the whole land, and the power and fame of America were wondrously magnified, is taken from us through the vile machinations of an alien growth which never should have had so much as a foothold upon American soil.

ONE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

"As we review his pure and lofty career, literally without fear and without reproach in public and in private life, there comes a thrill of pride at the thought that this man was an American citizen, one of the "common people," a typical product of our race. But as we think of the manner of his taking off it is impossible to restrain a passionate disgust and loathing at the thought that the soil upon which such a man grew should be polluted by the presence of even one single anarchist. The nation, bowed in grief for its irreparable loss, offers to Mrs. McKinley, recently so near to death herself, now so brave and calm, the assurance of its tenderest sympathy in her utter desolation.

"Whether the President recovered or not from his would-be murderer's assault—an assault from which of all men the broad humanity of his character and purposes should have defended him—his place was already secure in the great line of American rulers and statesmen. Whether his fate was to couple itself with Lincoln's, stricken down at the very threshold of a second term of office, or he was to be spared to imitate the example of Washington and retire, his work completed, amid the plaudits of his countrymen, he could safely count on the impartial judgment of

history to link his name with those of the two great Presidents to whom beyond all others this country owes the impulses of which have made it an indivisible and sovereign Union.

"To the work of nationalization begun by Washington and completed in the clash of arms by Lincoln, it fell to President McKinley's statesmanship to give the final healing and harmonizing touches, and his administration has seen the nation emerge at last from the shadows of sectionalism and realize, after a century of effort, that 'more perfect union' which it was the fundamental purpose of the Federal constitution to promote.

SET UP A NEW MILESTONE.

"Though supplementary in their character, President McKinley's contributions to the creation of a truly national spirit have therefore been as genuine and as vital as either Lincoln's or Washington's. His first administration must, in fact, be accepted as marking a new and important milestone in our political development. Three distinct services in broadening and unifying our national life are to be credited to William McKinleys' political leadership. His first Presidential campaign broke at last the lines of the Solid South, and his second showed that the wedge driven into that crumbling fabric of sectional passions and sectional prejudices had been driven in to stay. The war with Spain hastened the process which the canvass of 1896 had so happily begun, and the call of the Government for troops reunited old foes in war and politics under a single flag.

"But the first McKinley administration did more than merely soothe sectional resentments; it saw uprooted two political issues which had long been used to inflame internal dissensions—to set class against class and section against section. The tariff question which had been artfully employed to array the agricultural against the manufacturing States and Southern interests against Northern interests, ceased, after the passage of the Dingley act, to be a bone of partisan contention, while the silver question, which was depended on to pit the poor against the rich, and the far West and South against the rest of the Union, dropped

with the election of 1900 out of the category of disturbing political problems.

"Sectional prejudices beaten down and sectional questions thrust aside, American political life has naturally entered its last and truest national phase. In the train of our victory over Spain new responsibilities and new opportunities have come, which force the nation more and more to forget internal distractions and to face the problems of our changed relationship with the outside world.

THE TREATY WITH SPAIN.

"With the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris American energy felt itself turned to new tasks and new questions of statecraft, and a new ferment of national spirit has signalized the final acceptance by the United States of its true role as one of the greatest powers in the civilized world. President McKinley's first administration promises to take its color in history from the Paris convention and the consequences flowing from that epoch making instrument; and with this last rounded development of American nationality his name is certain to be as fitly associated as Lincoln's is with its middle phase, or Washington's is with it earliest beginnings."

Mr. McKinley was always actuated in his administration of public affairs by the homely tenet of Lincoln to act as "God gives us to see the right," blended with that ancient democratic axiom, "Vox populi, vox Dei." Like General Grant, he put the will of the people paramount and tried to make sure the greatest good for the greatest number. He believed in the mandate of the majority, and obeyed it, holding that the citizen had the supreme power. He believed that the popular will of educated masses could hardly give unjust orders or make unfair demands.

Having long been a member of Congress he knew and respected the authority of that body. He had policies of his own formulation which he urged upon the representatives of the people, but when they refused to adopt them, he bowed to their decision and executed the laws they passed as cheerfully as he would those of his own suggestion.